

MISSISSIPPI DEMOCRAT.



"The best Government is that which governs least."

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Miscellaneous.

DEATH OF DUROC.

[The following sketch, from Rev. T. J. Headley's "Napoleon and his Marshals," exhibits the stern conqueror who "wheeled his cannon around the thrones of kings," in a new light.]

But his greatest misfortune, that which wounded him deepest, was the death of his friend Duroc. As he made a last effort to break the enemy's ranks, and rode again to the advanced posts to direct the movements of his army, one of his escort was struck dead by his side. Turning to Duroc, he said, "Duroc, fate is determined to have one of us to-day." Soon after, as he riding with his suite in a rapid trot along the road, a cannon ball smote a tree beside him, and glancing, struck General Kirgenec dead, and tore out the entrails of Duroc. Napoleon was ahead at the time, and his suite, four abreast, behind him. The cloud of dust their rapid movements raised around them, prevented him from knowing at first who was struck. But when it was told him that Kirgenec was killed and Duroc wounded, he dismounted, and gazed long and sternly on the battery from which the shot had been fired; then turned towards the cottage into which the wounded marshal had been carried.

Duroc was grand marshal of the palace, and a bosom friend of the Emperor. Of a noble and generous character, of unshaken integrity and patriotism, and firm as steel in the hour of danger, he was beloved by all who knew him. There was a gentleness about him and purity of feeling the life of a camp could never destroy. Napoleon loved him—for through all the changes of his tumultuous life he had ever found his affection and truth the same—and it was with an anxious heart and sad countenance he entered the lowly cottage where he lay. His eyes were filled with tears, as he asked if there was hope. When told there was none, he advanced to the bedside without saying a word. The dying marshal seized him by the hand and said, "My whole life has been consecrated to your service, and now my only regret is that I can no longer be useful to you."

"Duroc," replied Napoleon with a voice choked with grief; "there is another life—there you will meet me, and we shall meet again." "Yes, sire," replied the fainting sufferer, "but thirty years shall first pass away, when you will have triumphed over your enemies, and realized all the hopes of our country. I have endeavored to be an honest man; I have nothing with which to reproach myself." He then added with faltering voice, "I have a daughter—your majesty will be a father to her." Napoleon grasped his right hand, and sitting down by the bedside, and leaning his head on his left hand remained with closed eyes a quarter of an hour in profound silence. Duroc first spoke. Seeing how deeply Bonaparte was moved, he exclaimed, "Ah! sire, leave me; this spectacle pains you!" The stricken Emperor rose, and leaning on the arms of his equerry and Marshal Soult, left the apartment, saying, in heart-breaking tones, as he went, "Farewell, then, my friend!"

The hot pursuit he had directed a moment before was forgotten, victory, trophies, prisoners, and all, sunk into utter worthlessness, and as at the battle of Aspern, when Lannes was brought to him mortally wounded, he forgot even his army, and the great interest at stake. He ordered his tent to be pitched near the cottage in which his friend was dying, and entering it, passed the night alone in inconsolable grief. The Imperial Guard formed their protecting squares, as usual, around him, and the fierce tumult was deepening over the field, and the heavy tread of the ranks going to their bivouacs, the low rumbling of artillery wagons in the distance, and all the subdued yet confused sounds of a mighty host about sinking to repose, rose on the evening air, imparting still greater solemnity to the hour. Napoleon, with his grey great-coat wrapped about him, his elbows on his knees, and his forehead resting on his hands sat apart from all, bu-

ried in the profoundest melancholy. His most intimate friends dare not approach him, and favorite officers stood in groups as a distance, gazing anxiously and sadly on that silent tent. But immense consequences were hanging on the movements of the next morning—a powerful enemy was near, with their array yet unbroken—and they at length ventured to approach and ask for orders. But the broken-hearted chieftain only shook his head, exclaiming, "everything to-morrow!" and still kept his mournful attitude. Oh, how overwhelming was the grief that could so master that stern heart! The magnificent spectacle of the day that had passed, the glorious victory he had won, were remembered no more, and he saw only his dying friend before him. No nobles escaped him, but silent and motionless he sat, his pallid face buried in his hands, and his noble heart wrung with agony. Darkness drew her curtain over the scene, and the stars came out one after another upon the sky, and, at length, the moon rose above the hills, bathing in her soft beams the tented host, while the flames from burning villages in the distance shed a lurid light thro' the gloom—and all was sad, mournful, yet sublime. There was the dark cottage, with the sentinels at the door, in which Duroc lay dying, and there, too, was the solitary tent of Napoleon, and within, the bowed form of the Emperor. Around at a distance, stood the squares of the Old Guard, and nearer by, a silent group of chieftains, and over all lay the moonlight. Those brave soldiers, filled with grief to see their beloved chief borne down with such sorrow stood for a long time silent and tearful. At length to break the mournful silence, and to express the sympathy they might not speak, the bands struck up a requiem for the dying marshal. The melancholy strains arose and fell in prolonged echoes over the field, and swept in softened cadences on the ear of the fainting warrior—but still Napoleon moved not. They then changed the measure to a triumphant strain, and the thrilling trumpets breathed forth their most joyful notes, till the heavens rung with the melody. Such bursts of music had welcomed Napoleon as he returned flushed with victory, till his eye kindled in exultation; but now they fell on a dull and listless ear. It ceased, and again the mournful requiem filled all the air. But nothing could arouse him from his agonizing reflections—his friend lay dying, and the heart he loved more than his life throbbing its last pulsations.

What a theme for a painter, and what a eulogy on Napoleon was that scene. That noble heart, which the enmity of the world could not shake—nor the terrors of a battle-field move from its calm repose—nor even the hatred and insults of his, at last, victorious enemies humble—here sunk in the moment of victory before the tide of affection. What military chieftain ever mourned thus on the field of victory, and what soldiers ever loved a leader so!

We have nothing further to add about Napoleon. We simply feel, that while in military genius, in diplomatic foresight, in far-reaching comprehensiveness of State interest, in sublimity of self-counsel, in grandeur of sustained purpose, he was superior to all the other leaders, monarchs and statesmen of Europe, he was not their inferior in magnanimity, justice or faith. They were all, at times, deficient enough in these last great qualities; but why assail one, and say nothing of the rest? France was Napoleon's country, and he fought for France; if he fought also for himself, he was not therefore the worst among men.

WANTED—A TALKING EDITOR.
To want a writing editor is no uncommon want; a fighting editor—that is, an editor who would undertake to do the fighting of the establishment—we have known to be sometimes called into requisition; but our want is rather a novel one. We want a talking editor—an editor who, during the office hours, which are not strictly on the ten hours system, will do our talking. Bury us, ye powers, who preside over our editorial destiny!—bury us in worthless exchanges; cause the mail to fail a week in succession; shut out from our mind the shadow of an idea for an article; let us be abused by our contemporaries—cheated by our subscribers—hoaxed by correspondents; let these and all other ills befall us, but spare us the pain, the racking torture of having to hold a conversation with every one who comes and asks us questions—questions, many of which, unless possessed of clairvoyant powers, we could not possibly answer. Why 'tis a species of punishment, compared to which the rigors of our criminal code are comparative pleasure.

The following is something like a daily record of the miseries we have to endure in this behalf, with this difference, that we dispose of imaginary dialogues much more summarily than the actual colloquies are terminated.

We have—the reader will please to suppose—got through reading the morning papers—have "dug into" our exchanges to some extent—are in the most amiable hu-

mor, our usual mood, with ourself and the world—and have got the outlines of an article in our mind's eye, which we flatter ourselves we can mould into decent shape—when No. 1 just drops in. He is an iron-faced, narrow-shouldered little man, in a high white neckerchief, a whitey-brown hat, with green umbrella in hand, and spectacles on nose. He takes an arm chair opposite to us, takes off his hat, which he places on the table before us, passes a colored study silk handkerchief over his forehead, and bids us "good morning." We reciprocate without any effort at all to show the Chesterfield.

Green Umbrella—"I have just dropt in, sir, hearing you have got a specimen of Gen. Taylor's chirography here. I have a taste—indeed, I may say a passion for these things. *Virtue*, sir, is the shrine at which I worship."

We—"You will see, sir."

Green Umbrella—"Ah, thank you—much obliged to you. Do you know, sir, a man's hand-writing to me is always an index of his mind. I'll be bound, sir, that Gen Taylor's is—"

We—"Below in the publication office, sir, subject to your inspection."

Green Umbrella—"Ah, sir, you are exceedingly kind. Sir, it is in my power to show you some rare—some valuable autographs."

Puts his hand in his pocket—compositor comes in—"Matter prepared for the outside yet?"

We—"In a moment." To Green Umbrella—"Sir, you will excuse us, but at the present moment we are compelled to deprive ourselves of the pleasure of viewing your autographs of distinguished characters. To—"

Green Umbrella, putting them up in somewhat of a passion—"Sir, I regret to say that the perverted spirit of the age does not appreciate such invaluable mementoes of the great among the past and the good among the present. I wish you a very good morning, sir,"—and whipping up his green umbrella and slapping his whitey-brown hat down on his forehead, he suddenly leaves. We of course said, as he left, "good morning."

We set to, to prepare the "outside matter" for the compositor, who stands before us all the time like an upbraiding spirit, to remind us of our sins of omission; we hand it to him, and are about to drop our idea into the alembic of our mind for distillation, when an outre dandy, dressed in fashion's latest and most ultra mode—one of whom, if heard betokeneth bravery, is a very Caesar—makes his appearance with a most insinuating "good mawning! Aw-a," he continues, "do you receive the *Lun'on* papaws?"

"A few here are the Times and Chronicle, and here the Spectator."

"Aw-a! vewy good papaw, the Times—vewy good for the man that deals in stocks or sells sugaw and molasses—see don't patwonise the Times. Don't you receive the *Court Journal*—the *Mawning Post*?"

"Don't receive it, sir."

"Sowwy to trouble you—good mawning."

"A very good morning, sir."

No. 3 is a lady of middle age, in a semi-mourning suit, a dark crape bonnet, with an open, unshutable fan in her hand, and owing a remarkably shrill treble toned voice.

"Editor of the paper, sir?"

"Yes, madam—take a seat."

"Oh, sir, I have not patience to sit, nor to stand, nor to sleep. Can you tell me where my dear William is? I have not heard from my poor child since he left!"

"Oh, compose yourself, madam," said we; "his nurse is of course with him, and she will doubtless take care of him."

"Nurse, sir! nurse! I suppose you mean to insult me by insinuating that he had eloped with that ugly old decoy, the Widow Jones. No, sir; he had a spirit above that. He is gone, sir, to fight, as his father did before him; yes, sir, as my dear deceased husband, William Melville, did; he is gone, sir, to fight the enemies of his country; and I could not have imagined, sir, that any gentleman, in his own office, from whom nothing more was asked than a little information, would gratuitously wound the maternal sensibilities of a lone widow lady, as you have done, by speaking of a nurse in connection with my son, who took the right of his company, and is twenty-two years of age."

"Oh, well, madam," we said, "I suppose it's all right; I did not, I assure you, mean to offer you any offence. I was led into the error by your applying the very juvenile term 'child' to your son. I now, however, understand, he is with the army. Do you know his regiment?"

"No."

"His company?"

"No."

"Then, madam, 'tis impossible for me to tell you where he is."

"So, sir, you undertake to edit a paper, and cannot tell me where my dear William is! Mr. Crout was right when he said that editors are the most ignorant individuals of which society is composed."

Exit Mrs. Widow Melville.

But we cannot, in the space we have,

go through with the ordinary editorial talkings of a morning.

A genius comes in, and for a full hour occupies our times in explaining the mechanism of a model of the improved patent snag exterminator. A quack doctor, who informs us that he has just paid \$20 in the publication office for an advertisement of his medicines, contends, therefore, that we may conscientiously puff his patent, health-restoring, liver-generating pills, and say that we experienced *considerable advantage* from them. John Jones, who is, as he assures us, a respectable grocer, threatens us with an action for damages for stating that he had been 'sent down' for thirty days, when he was never before a court in his life. A mulatto woman asks us to tell her where a nurse is wanted with a fresh breast of milk. But enough; our evils in this behalf are intolerable. Who will do our editorial talking!

[N. O. Delta.
[Miss. Dem.

—And ours!

"IN AT THE DEATH." A ROCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCH. BY SOLITAIRE.

On a bright June morning, while seated in camp on a lofty ridge near the Colorado river, in which, with two companions, I was engaged in trapping beaver, I discried, far down on the plains, an object moving, which I knew to be a buffalo, although, in appearance, from the distance which lay between it and the spot upon which I stood, it looked no larger than a common sized dog. I had but a few moments before returned from a five mile tramp, after an unsuccessful examination of our traps, and, though tired, I resolved, if possible, to have a taste of buffalo, for this was the first we had seen during a month's sojourn among the hills—the herds seldom travelling so high up. Acting upon this resolution I straitway put on my wet moccasins, which I had, a few moments previous, hung on rods near our fire.

The Indians so infested our neighborhood that we never had moved camp but with extreme caution; so, after concluding my necessary preparations for a start, I took a general survey from a neighboring peak, without, however, discovering signs of an enemy. I counselled my companions, before I parted with them, to keep watch of my progress, and in the event of their discovering Indians, to inform me of the fact by waving their handkerchiefs and pointing in the direction in which they were seen. Having concluded all preliminary arrangements, I descended into the valley, rifle in hand and knife in belt, with my ear open to hostile sounds, and my arm nerved for vigorous defence. After a tedious travel over broken ways, and through deep dark ravines, I reached the valley, and struck out from the timber, in order to gain a view of Nell's Peak, near where our camp was situated. Another reason for avoiding the covert was the fact of it always being the red man's lurking place. In about two hours' travel I came near the solitary buffalo, quietly feeding upon a slope near the edge of a deep ravine, through which the Drip, a small tributary of the Colorado, winds. I now edged into the timber, and, having gained a closer position, discovered my prey to be a large bull, which, I judged, from his timid manner of feeding, had been separated from the herd by an attack of Indians, and, having gained the entrance to the valley, had pursued his way to this quiet spot. Carefully approaching him, I gained a favorable stand on his left, and, poising my trusty rifle, fired. With a snort of pain he backed several paces, and fell upon his haunches. Loading again, I advanced to despatch him, when, with a roar of pain, and with a sudden bound, he approached to within a few paces of where I stood. Having but an instant to spare, I hastily raised my rifle and pulled trigger, when, to my horror, the peace missed fire, even while the infuriate animal was so near that his breath, mingled with his blood, was blown upon my person. Time for thought there was none. I could not regain the timber, so, dropping my rifle, I made for the ravine. The rifle was a moments diversion in my favor, for the beast passed to smell the death-dealing weapon, but the next instant, with blood-shot eyes, he madly rushed towards me. I looked into the ravine, and a glance revealed to me a perpendicular precipice of one hundred feet, with the stream fretting and boiling, dark as ink, at the bottom! To leap across it was impossible—to plunge down was not to be thought of but as an act of despair, and alternative there appeared none. To this have to come to a hurried decision, with peril on every side, the chances were ten to one that the worst horn of the dilemma would be chosen. The sequel will show.

A small projection of about three feet long by one wide, upon which grew a few scrubby bushes, presented itself about ten feet distance from the edge of the ravine, and, without a second thought, I held a moment by the edge of the precipice, and dropped upon this small shelf, which shook and quivered from the concussion of my leap, until I fancied I could feel it sliding

from its place! The thought was horrible, and I shut my eyes in a partial swoon, expecting the next moment to be dashed into the bubbling current below; but after waiting a reasonable time, and no such concussion occurring, I opened them; and now my heart grew sick again at the peril of my position, from which there appeared no prospect of escape. I had spent but a moment in this contemplation—and just then thoughts were speeding rapidly through my brain; when the infuriate bull, his eyes like balls of fire, and the red current of life spouting from his nostrils, appeared above me, on the very brink, his fore hoofs pushing the earth at the edge upon my head, while from his mouth he deluged me with a flood of sanguine lue. My position was horrible—most horrible! He pawed the earth and feebly shook his mane as if in exultation that his destroyer was about to be destroyed, and then the deep heaving of his mighty chest would again deluge me with its torrents of lava, which felt hot as a shower from Etna, and fell, dying me like some victim for a heathen sacrifice.

Suddenly, the struggles of the wounded buffalo appeared to cease—the blood poured from his nostrils: an uninterrupted stream—his eye grew dim and its glassy stare was fixed on mine while his body for a moment swayed to and fro, as if he was about to sink down upon the earth—but dreadful was the thought, and terrible became the certainty that his huge form was gradually sinking over the edge of the precipice, directly above the scant footing upon which I stood. There was no escape! Every moment made his fall in the ravine more certain, and, at contemplation of being hurled by this dying mass into the craggy bed of the stream beneath, my blood congealed with terror! Slowly his dark form sunk, and the earth crushing away beneath his bending limbs pattered down upon me, until, with apprehension, I had grown mad, when, with a rushing sound like an avalanche, the wounded beast tottered over the verge. For a moment, as he struck the projection on which I stood, his bulk poised, and the next, frantically grasping his shaggy mane, I was hurled with him to the bottom of the ravine, my slender resting place on the side of the precipice falling around me in a shower. I was stunned for a moment by the shock, but the cold stream bubbling about me soon brought back consciousness, when I found that my antagonist had happily fallen undermost. His form had broken the force of my plunge into the ravine. After washing the stains of victory from my person, I cut out a few stonks as a proof of my being "in at the death," and left his carcass to the wolves, well satisfied with my share of that game!

HISTORY OF THE EARTH.—The geological history of the Earth is treated of in the Vestiges of Creation, in a very succinct and happy manner.

The various formations which distinguished the periods of progress on the surface of the Earth into eras is described. There is the era of Primary Rocks, with the subsequent commencement of organic life—the era of the old Red Sandstone, of the Secondary Rocks, with the formation of land and the commencement of land plants, of the new Red Sandstone and the commencement of Zoology, reptiles and birds only, of the Oolite and the commencement of the Mammalia, and of the Cretaceous, Tertiary and Superficial Formations, together with the phenomena of each period. And finally the scene is prepared for Man, when the history is complete.

This wonderful fact is shown that from the commencement of organic life on the globe, each geological era is distinguished from that which preceded it, by a new organization of being in the annual and the vegetable kingdoms, one step higher in the scale of existence. In every era the way was prepared for the next succeeding era by the perfection of kindness, with a corresponding transformation of organ life into a superior mould. The law of Progress, or, as the author calls it, Development, is clearly seen throughout, in a general view, but the points of transition or change remain undefined. Here the author raises a remarkable hypothesis, which he attempts to establish by a variety of proofs. It is this, that the law of like producing like, which we see now to be the prevailing law, holds only for a certain time, and is subordinate to a higher law, which, from time to time, interrupts and supersedes it. This is called the law of Development. The conclusion is, that the lowest and simplest type of organic life, generated and gave birth to the type next above it, which in its turn was the progenitor of the next higher, and so on in a regular series of development up to the very highest—from the polypos to man himself! An astounding thought!

A learned doctor, referring to tight lacing, avers that it is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills all the foolish girls, and leaves all the wise ones to grow up to be women.

The Cost of War.
"First freedom, and then glory—then decay," seems to be progressive history of republics in all ages of the world. We have the first—are grasping at the second—ought we not to fear the last?

[Rep. Banner.

These are the sad forebodings of our neighbor of the Banner. He allows his horror for war to operate too strongly on his spirits. We all know that the Mexican war must cost a great deal; and that many valuable lives must be lost in its prosecution, but it surely does not follow that the "decay" of our republic is to be the consequence. It was only at the cost of much blood and treasure that we gained our freedom—but what a poor whig would he have been in 1776 who paid "first freedom, and then glory—then decay." What if we gain our freedom by the loss of many valuable lives—when we have gained if the fate of republics will be ours—after freedom, then glory and after glory then decay! Such doctrines in 1776 would have found little favor with the whigs of that day. They are entitled to as little favor now. The Mexican war is not prosecuted for "glory"—we covered our national character with "glory" when we gained our "freedom" and when we perpetuated our independence in the war of 1812. We have no occasion to make war for "glory"—our neighbor undervalues our national character when he says that we are grasping at glory in the war with Mexico. We have won a character over other fields and with other powers which ought to teach every American that a war with Mexico can never be prosecuted for mere "glory." Nor will it do for our neighbor to foretell the "decay" of our republic because others have decayed before it. He ought to be able to see in our federative system conservative principles which will save our country from the fate which he so much fears. No doubt he clings to the old obsolete idea that an extension of territory will be dangerous to our government—this is not surprising since the whig system is made up of "obsolete ideas," but experience as well as reason ought to induce him to abandon such doctrines. The extension of our territory by the acquisition of California will hardly be a catastrophe which ought to alarm our neighbor! Beyond this no one expects the government to go in arranging a boundary with Mexico, and in doing this much the country will be well satisfied.

[Nash. Union.

New States.
Wisconsin has just been admitted into the glorious fellowship of the Union. This new State makes the number twenty-nine. Iowa will soon take her place in the family of thirty. In January, the population of Wisconsin was estimated at 117,500 souls.

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser presents some interesting statements on the subject:

The growth of Wisconsin is one of the most wonderful events in our day. Ten years ago, Galena was known as the ultima thule of civilization—if civilization were believed to exist there—where a few miners were engaged in getting out lead. Green Bay was a small trading hamlet and military post, and Milwaukee struck the ear with a strange semi-barbarous sound, less familiar than Winnebago, or Menomonee. Here and there on the edges of the territory might be found an adventurous settler, or possibly a little cluster of them, whose friends in the East regarded them as farther removed from all civilized society, than we should now consider settlers at the mouth of the Yellowstone. But for the most part the territory was an unbroken waste of forest oak, opening and prairie. We well remember seeing shipped from this port, within the last ten years, cargoes of flour, pork, and potatoes, for the sustenance of Wisconsin emigrants. Now, commercial cities numbering their thousands of inhabitants, have sprung up on the lake and river, that have either border of the territory, stately churches have been reared, school houses built, the country is dotted all over with thriving villages and good farm houses, and the surplus products of its abounding soil will soon feed a nation. From the data above given, the entire population of the territory cannot fall far short of 160,000, if do not exceed, and by next winter, what with the natural growth and emigration, it will probably amount to 200,000. The populated is composed almost exclusively of emigrants from New England and New York, with a pretty large infusion of emigrants from the North of Europe, Germans and Norwegians principally.

There is a lawyer in Boston so exceedingly honest he puts all his flower-pots out over night, so determined is he that everything shall have its dew. There is another in the same city, who is afraid to sleep alone, for fear the devil will get his due.

The census of the city of New York, just taken places the number of the inhabitants at 360,000.

History of the Earth.—The geological history of the Earth is treated of in the Vestiges of Creation, in a very succinct and happy manner.

The various formations which distinguished the periods of progress on the surface of the Earth into eras is described. There is the era of Primary Rocks, with the subsequent commencement of organic life—the era of the old Red Sandstone, of the Secondary Rocks, with the formation of land and the commencement of land plants, of the new Red Sandstone and the commencement of Zoology, reptiles and birds only, of the Oolite and the commencement of the Mammalia, and of the Cretaceous, Tertiary and Superficial Formations, together with the phenomena of each period. And finally the scene is prepared for Man, when the history is complete.

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